

# The World

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## What People Pay for Street-Car Monopoly.



All the local transit lines of New York could be replaced for one hundred million dollars. They pay 4 per cent. profit upon five hundred millions. The difference is the value of the franchises in the streets, in the public property which bat-eyed corruptionists in office have sold to franchise-grabbers for modest bribes. The "water" got into the system by degrees. The original bonds built the original roads. Every re-organization meant a "recapitalization."

When you pay a fare you pay for the cost of the road as it is and for its cost as it was. You pay a profit upon rails that are rust, horses that are dust and cars that are kindling wood. You pay for "water" upon water, and for mist veils wreathing the water and for the impalpable, invisible vapor of values lighter and more ethereal than all.

The people might be getting three-cent fares, or half rates to school-children, or more generous transfer privileges, and they wouldn't need "municipal ownership" to get these things, either. All these service benefits combined would still leave a handsome profit upon honest capital.

The bogus, the dishonest, the corrupt capitalization of the city dweller's hard necessity of riding to his work amounts to \$100 for every individual—to \$500 for each average family.

The extra, the unnecessary, the extortionate taxation of every family by the transportation companies costs every year two-thirds as much as the school system of the city; costs that enormous sum over and above an honest profit upon an honest capital. What it costs in overcrowding and discomfort, in pneumonia and consumption, in fatigue and wasting strength in delicate victims of bridge crashes and car crashes, no man can calculate.

Yet in New York we cheerfully go to the polls every year to vote for boughten bosses, and build bonfires of victorious rejoicing at the news that the despoilers and the exploiters of the city have once more won it as their prey.

Little indeed in common sense is "little old New York!"

Was there ever such a Christmas before? Was ever the weather more propitious for preparation beforehand? Were such things ever before seen in Manhattan's shopping streets at midnight as last Saturday? Was so much money ever spent upon gifts, in charity? Christmas as a tremendous fact in trade and in the life of all the people is "growing up with the city."

Rarely has Brooklyn had a Christmas gift which it will more appreciate than it will the news that Mike Dady is down and out—if he is.

Boston's Mayor-elect, an ordinary politician, said recently that he intended to inject some of our "snap" into the Massachusetts capital.

President Elliot, a Massachusetts spokesman of a different order, said at the dinner of the New England Society:

There is now in Massachusetts no liberty for adulterated or spoiled foods, drinks or drugs; no liberty to spread contagious diseases; no liberty for public-service corporations to issue stocks and bonds at their pleasure; no liberty to conduct in secrecy the business of banks, savings banks, insurance companies, trust companies or transportation companies.

In Massachusetts government still stands for honesty and the rights of the people, for the common interest and not the special interests of capitalists. In Massachusetts laws are not drafted on stock tickers. State street is not the State.

Boston may need "New York snap." New York certainly needs Massachusetts public spirit.

The only people who aren't particularly merry are the haggard, overworked Post-Office men.

## "How Happy Could I Be with Either, Were t'Other Dear Charmer Away!"

By J. Campbell Cory.



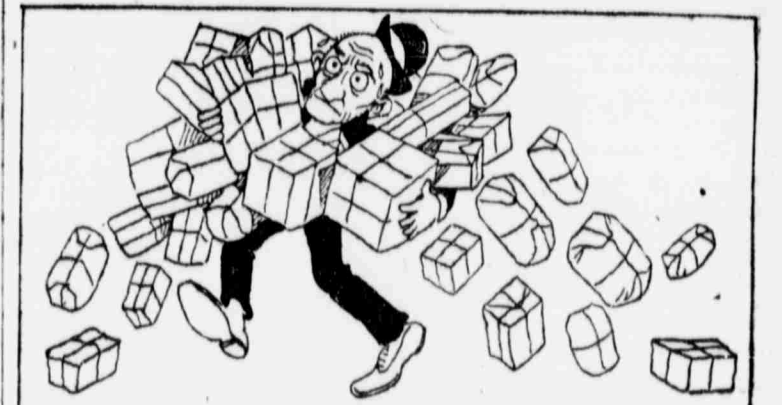
## NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES

By I. S. Cobb.

THERE was a man who lived in one of those match-safes which in Harlem are called flats. It was a fine place to live if you didn't get any inflammatory diseases. The dining-room was almost as large and bright as the closet under the front stairs where they keep the gum overshoes and the umbrellas in a real home. The bedroom greatly suggested an upper berth, except that when you pressed the button you got a dumbwaiter instead of a porter. Need it be said that the man worked on a salary?

And so, being on a salary, he started out right after Thanksgiving by deciding that he wouldn't give any Christmas presents to anybody this year. It was a foolish, expensive habit anyhow, and nobody except children under seven, who still believed in Santa Claus, had any right to celebrate it, and the whole observance of the holiday had degenerated into a mercenary proposition and—what's the use? Every man who ever tried to make a dollar buy 75 cents' worth in New York knows the argument by heart.

But along about the 15th of the month somebody in the office—it was the cheerful idiot in the made tie who always gets up subscriptions and belongs to a society whose members sit up with the sick—he started a little



paper around, the purpose of said paper being to buy a gold-headed cane for the Old Man, who only had six gold-headed canes already. Our hero didn't feel like hanging back. So he clipped in his share. Then the first deputy cheerful idiot suggested that it wouldn't do to overlook the lady bookkeeper, and he kissed another bill good-by.

Once having forsaken the straight and narrow, the rest was easy. He decided that he might as well buy a little piece of jewelry for his wife; but he didn't buy such a very little piece, because the wise shopgirl saw him first and sized up his pile by mental processes, and sawed off something large, spangled and expensive on him. After that he concluded to unbuckle slightly for the benefit of the home-folks and a lot of plain and fancy mixed relatives. By this time his roll was reduced to a small pale-green core. But was he through? Not at all. He wasn't through yet.

You could have found him Saturday, at the eleventh hour, playing Cossack among the Moujiks at the department store, trampling down the weak, the sickly and the halt, as he fought his way to the front to buy things for the couple who used to live next door to him in Thirty-fourth street and for the fellow in Fort Wayne who gave him such a dandy present when he got married and has been collecting annual interest on it ever since, and for a whole slew of people whose first names he has forgotten, and for everybody else he can think of. It will be July, 1906, before his wallet begins to fill out again.

### THE FUNNY PART:

He'll be doing the same thing over again this time next year.

## Letters from the People

**Yes.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
When a young man, accompanied by a gentleman friend, meets a lady friend and he introduces the man to the lady, is it proper for the man introducing to raise his hat as the other does when he is introduced?  
C. W.

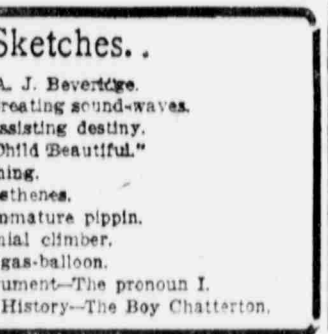
**Subway Rowdism.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read the letter of B. K. R. about the rough treatment he receives at the hands of hoodlums in the subway at Fourth street and wish to say that this is not due to viciousness on the part of the hoodlums. This is a station where many commuters change from the local to express trains in order to catch their train at the Grand Central, and one minute at Fourth street may mean a difference of half an hour and often more to them. If people

would travel in the forward part of the trains they would not be troubled, as most of the commuters get on the last half of the train, which is nearest to the steps at the Grand Central. Keep your eyes open. B. K. R. and other victims, and avoid the hoodlums.  
HOODLUM COMMITTEE.  
Mount Vernon, N. Y.



### An Old Man's Accident.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I want to tell you what happened to me yesterday at the Manhattan end of the Bridge. I am out of business now, being too old to attend to it. But yesterday something called me over to the



### Thumb-nail Sketches.

**SUBJECT**—Senator A. J. Beveridge.  
Favorite Sport—Creating sound-waves.  
Favorite Task—Assailing destiny.  
Favorite Book—"The Child Beautiful."  
Favorite Author—Cushing.  
Favorite Artist—Demosthenes.  
Favorite Fruit—The immature pippin.  
Favorite Plant—Perennial climber.  
Favorite Vehicle—The gas-balloon.  
Favorite Musical Instrument—The pronoun I.  
Favorite Character in History—The Boy Chatterton.

### A Lesson in Manners Needed.

To the Editor of The World:  
I appreciate the correspondent's complaint about growing boys who act like hoodlums on the Newway express. My dress was badly torn in one of their football rushes to board a train at Fourth street the other night. Can't a big polsomen be put on duty there, Mr. McAdoo? One or two clubbings and an arrest would give a fine lesson in decency and manners to these young ruffians.  
SALESGIRL.

## Popular Science Notes.

IS this winter to be unusually severe? Some of the unofficial weather prophets believe that it will, and give a reason for their faith: the fact that the southern part of the Arctic Ocean has been sealed with ice at an extraordinarily early date, catching a fleet of San Francisco whalers in its toils. The belief is very general that an early formation of ice in the southern part of the Arctic Ocean presages an uncommonly severe winter further south, or that this ice formation may in itself be a cause of the increased cold.

A new type of bullet, known as the "D," is being served to the French infantry. This projectile consists of a cigar-shaped cylinder of bronze, instead of lead, and is cased with nickel. On being fired it revolves at the rate of 8,000 turns a second during flight, says the Chicago Tribune. At 800 yards it will penetrate the equivalent bulk and resistance of six men, wounding one behind another.

One of the most prolific of fishes is the turbot. The number of eggs in five specimens examined by a scientist recently varied from over 5,000,000 to more than 10,000,000. The heaviest of these specimens weighed only twenty-one pounds, and the belief is expressed that large specimens are still more fertile.

### Turtles as Motive Power.

IN the North Borneo Herald it is recorded that two Englishwomen, Mrs. McEnroe and Mrs. Darby, recently paid a visit to the lonely island of Taguana. Among other adventures there the two sat up one night to watch for turtles, and at midnight saw a large one come out of the sea on to the sands. When it was returning to the water, Mrs. Darby and then Mrs. McEnroe mounted on its back and rode for some distance.

# CURLY

WONDERFULLY SPIRITED AND INTERESTING. A LIVING ROMANCE OF WILD NATIVES AND WIDE DISTANCES  
A Tale of the Arizona Desert  
By Roger Pocock

(Copyright, 1905, by Little, Brown & Co.)

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
Lord Balmahon says how Cross Ranch in Arizona has been the scene of a long and hard fight between the Indians and the whites. He tells of the death of his son, Jim, and of the death of his daughter, Mary. He tells of the death of his son, Jim, and of the death of his daughter, Mary. He tells of the death of his son, Jim, and of the death of his daughter, Mary.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### Mostly Chalkeye.

THE loss of my near eye has led to a lot of mistakes on my part, especially when I mistook the brands on cows and horses, thought they belonged to me, and adopted the poor lone critters—I've always been fond of animals, anyway. Again, I argue that a person with two eyes had ought to see much more truth than I can with only one eye; but I don't find that folks are liberal in making allowances. They call me hard names instead.

Now, that was especially the case over the Ryan inquest. I testified that old man Ryan died a natural death, because it would have been completely unnatural for Balmahon to miss him at five paces. Moreover, as I saw things, Jim never died at all until Ryan was dead, and only began to shoot when he saw young Michael turning loose for battle. Judge Sprynke, Acting Assistant Deputy-Coroner, allowed that I had been a whole lot present at the fight, and was entitled to my one-eyed point of view; but then, he remarked to the jury that the witness was well known to have such a defective vision with regard to cows that the evidence was tarnished on the point at issue.



George Ryan came to his death at the hands of James du Chesney, and recommended his arrest upon the charge of deliberate wilful murder. I am not complaining. The Court represented the majesty of the people and that august flag, Old Glory, waving above us. It was a right enough Court, even if justice had strayed out and got itself lost for a while. I made no complaint, because I reckon that a still mightier Court than ours is sitting up above the starry sky to watch over fatherless kids who don't get a fair show on earth, to save them as gets desolate and oppressed, to vindicate justice upon low-lived swabs, liars and cowards.

I said nothing, but just stayed good and sober, responsible, being in a minority of one against the entire city. The only time I ventured upon any remarks was when I happened accidentally to meet up with Mr. Michael. He, the Mayor, the City Marshal and a few friends were taking a drink together at the hotel.

"Good morning, Ryan," says I, "I kept my voice all smooth for fear of rucking up my temper to no advantage."

"Good morning, sir," says Ryan, "I come to congratulate you," says I, "on the hearty liberal way you've been acting."

As the Weekly Obituary pointed out in large type, the occasion was great, and a city which had flourished for twenty-two prosperous years was able to give the mere mushroom growth of a few like Blesley, Benson and Lonsburgh. The newspapers in those three rival burghs made light of the affair in a way which depicted mean envy and a nasty, carping spirit.

(To Be Continued.)